

FONTAINBLEAU,
OR,
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

A
COMIC OPERA.
IN THREE ACTS.
AS PERFORMED
At the *THEATRES-ROYAL*
IN
COVENT-GARDEN
AND
SMOCK-ALLEY.

Written by

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The MUSIC Selected and Composed by
WILLIAM SHIELD.

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M.DCC.XC.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

LONDON. DUBLIN.

<i>Lord Winlove.</i>	Mr. Davies,	Mr. Waterhouse.
<i>Sir John Bull,</i>	Mr. Wilson,	Mr. Moss.
<i>Colonel Epauvette,</i>	Mr. Wewitzer,	Signora Sestini.
<i>Sir Shenkin ap Griffin,</i>	Mr. Edwin,	Mr. O'Railly.
<i>Henry,</i>	Mr. Johnstone,	Mr. Wood.
<i>Lackland,</i>	Mr. Lewis,	Mr. Daly.
<i>Lapoche,</i>	Mr. Quick,	Mr. Ryder.
<i>French Inn-keeper,</i>	Mr. Gaudrey,	Mr. Baker.
<i>Robin,</i>	Mr. Darley,	Mr. Murphy.
<i>Jockey,</i>	Mr. Kennedy,	Mr. Lynch.
<i>Postboy,</i>	Mr. Jones,	Mr. Barrett.
<i>First Waiter,</i>	Mr. Helme,	Mr. Smith.
<i>Second Waiter.</i>	Mr. Thompson,	Mr. Malone.



N.

<i>Lady Bull,</i>	Mrs. Webb,	Mrs. Hannam.
<i>Rosa,</i>	Mrs. Bannister,	Mrs. Billington.
<i>Celia,</i>	Miss Wheeler,	Miss Romanzini.
<i>Miss Bull,</i>	Mrs. T. Kennedy,	Miss Hitchcock.
<i>Mrs. Casey,</i>	Mrs. Kennedy,	Mrs. Sparks.
<i>Nannette,</i>	Mrs. Marry,	Mrs. Hitchcock.

Servants: Porters, &c.

SCENE, Fontainebleau.

M.DCCC.XC.

FONTAINBLEAU,
O R,
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Street.

*Two Hotels.—The Sign of the Red-Lion on one Side of the Stage, underneath the Name "HOTEL CASEY."—On the other Side the Fleur-de-Luce, "HOTEL GARNI."
— (Ringing of Bells.)*

Enter Mrs. Casey and 1st Waiter.

Mrs. Casey. KEEP a sharp look-out, Bob. The company tumble in upon us like smoke.

[Exit Waiter.]

Lackland (within). You rascal, I'll kick you down-stairs. How dare you behave so to a gentleman?

Casey. Heighday! what's the matter?

2d Waiter entering. Only Mr. Lackland, madam. You know you ordered me to keep the Globe for the large company. There he takes possession of it; and though

FONTAINBEAU, Or,

I told him it was bespoke, he would dine no-where else; ordered a bottle of Champagne, and because I did not sit with it, kicked me down-stairs, though I cried, coming up, sir!

Cassey. Champagne, without a loise in his pocket! the fellow has not a second coat to his back, and yet he is as proud as a Galway merchant. But I shall desire he quit my house.

2d Waiter. You desire! Ecod, madam, he says he'll make you bounce.

Cassey. Make me bounce! he wou'd not find that easy. Because I'm a lone woman, he thinks to impose upon me. A pretty fellow, indeed! Make me bounce will he!

Lackland (within). Where the devil are you all?

Cassey. Don't you hear? (*Waiter going.*)

Lackland (within). Where's that infernal —

2d Waiter (stopping short.) Infernal! Oh, madam, 'tis you he's calling.

Enter Mr. Lackland.

Lack. Where the devil are you all? Where are those impudent waiters? Mrs. Cassey, it is my desire —

Cassey. Your desire! (*taking snuff.*)

Lack. Yes, my desire.

Cassey. A sponging fellow, giving himself airs. Most waiters have enough to do, if they mind those who pay for what they call. (*He takes snuff from her in a pet.*)

Lack. And even your snuff too — is execrable.

Cassey. Lookee, Mr. Lackland, every body knows that you're a gentleman — and that you've a good estate, only it's all gone; — and we all know too, that you're a fine bottle man, and a choice companion. Now, during the races, I'll give you a seat at the table d'Hôte, and put money in your pocket to pay your reckoning, if you only entertain the company with a funny song and a comical story. Oh! a good song at the end of a bottle is an excellent thing, and of great service to a house.

Lack. Live by entertaining company! Mrs. Cassey, you're a widow; why don't you marry? You'd oblige me exceedingly if you'd marry again.

Cassey. Marry again! for what? — Why do you wish me married again?

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

Lack. That I might have the superlative felicity of taking your husband by the nose. (*turns up.*)

Casfy. Oh! I wish I had a husband for your sake. I wish I had a husband.

Enter 1st Waiter.

Maiter. There's a Paris chaise just stopped, and the lilly of France is after them already.

Casfy. The devil take that lilly! He'll grasp every thing if he could.—Who is there in it?

Waiter. An English family.

Casfy. An English family! Do you run and endeavour to bring them here, while I go and prepare for their reception. (*Exit Waiter.*) Oh, my lad, I wish I had a husband, (*To Lackland, then exit.*)

Enter Henry and Postboy.

Postboy. Ah monsieur, too petite lousone.

Henry. Never satisfied.

Postboy. Seven posts, de post-royal from Paris to Fontainbleau.

Henry. There; seven you say. Now I hope you're satisfied.

Postboy. Ay, pis bon.

[*Exit Postboy.*]

Henry. But if we approach the mansion of the grand monarch, we must pay for it.

Lack. By heaven, my college chum, Henry Seymour!

Henry. Pray, friend, can you tell me — Eh? why — I heard something of this before. Can you be Charles Lackland?

Lack. How do ye do. Harry?

Henry. Why sure my eyes deceive me! Why you look —

Lack. Never mind the outside. In snow or sunshine I've always a warm heart to an old friend and a new bottle.

Henry. I've passed so many happy days with you, that I feel for you exceedingly. But what is the cause of all this?

Lack. Pho! pho! never mind.

Henry. What, all gone, Charles?

6 FONTAINBLEAU; On,

Lack. All, all, Harry.

Henry. What; at play?

Lack. Ay, play and pleasure—and wine and women — and — But you're come to sport here at the races, flush, flush, eh! (*tapping his thigh.*)

Henry. Why, as to cash, my affairs are little better than your own.

Lack. (*aside.*) Damn'd unlucky that for both of us.

Henry. No. You see me here an exile forced to fly from my native country. You remember my sister Rosa.—

Lack. What, my little, mad Rosa, that used to steal our fish, and throw the cards into the fire? Either I dream, or there was a match talked of between her and lord Winlove.

Henry. There was; but guided by the weakness of her sex, and the arts of ours, he prevailed on her to set out for our country. I overtook them at Rochester, and demanded (perhaps too rashly) reparation of my sister's honor by an immediate marriage. He refused. Pistols were the umpire. He lost his life; and the coroner's verdict has made mine doubtful, if found in England.

Lack. Brave! shot a lord! I wing'd a marquis the day before yesterday.

Henry. In this dilemma I was forced to assume the habit of a woman, to escape from my native country.

Lack. Where's Rosa now?

Henry. I brought her to France, and left her at the convent at Villeneuve. But to say the truth, I'm here at Fontainbleau, in quest of a lady I fell in love with at the Sunday opera at Paris. She would not tell me her name, but talked something of her brother having horses to run here, whither she was coming.

Lapoche [*without.*] Whether is monsieur Lackland? — I must and I will see him.

Lack. Oh, this damn'd French taylor! Now shall I be dunn'd and pester'd.

Enter Lapoche.

Lapoche. Ah, monsieur Lackland, I am glad I have found you. I say I will not trust any longer for dey
MON —

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Lack. I say [*stopping his mouth*] Lapoche, do you see that English officer? He's full of cash; and I'll recommend him to lodge with you.

Lap. English officer! Oh, de bon new customer.

Lack. Captain! that little, ugly, ill-looking fellow.

[*Aside to Henry.*]

Lap. Ver much oblige to you—[*bowing.*]

Lap. If you want a taylor and a lodging, here's your man, and there's his house.

Lap. Tank a you, monsieur Lackland.

Lack. You'll find it convenient, as you're short of cash.

Lap. Ver obliging.

Lack. Because when he asks for his money, you may kick him down-stairs.

Lap. Ver much oblige to you indeed.

Lack. 'Twas my way.

Lap. Vastly kind indeed.

Lack. We were very good friends. Lapoche, I was a good customer.

Lap. Oui, monsieur, it does a tradesman's heart good to see a you—out of his house [*aside.*]

Lack. What was it I gave you a week? Eight livres wasn't it?

Lap. Oh, monsieur, you did indeed——promise me eight livres.

Lack. Eh! Faith, I see some ladies. I must attend where beauty calls; afterwards I am yours from a beef-steak to a bottle of Burgundy. You must excuse me, Harry, the ladies—you know I was always a Philander among the ladies.

Lap. Oui, you was always great gander indeed.

Henry. So you speak English; you've been in London?

Lap. Yes, I was ver great man in Londre, but now I am anoter man.

Henry. Another man!

Lap. England is de grand field of battle for the soldier of fortune. I was de taylor, de cook, de jugler, take off a de shirt, de maitre d'hotel, de tooth-drawer vid a touch: but at last my lor forget to pay a me, so den I did imitate my lor, and when I could no longer fight a my way——

2 FONTAINEBLEAU; Or,

Henry. What then?

Lap. Why den, I run away.

Henry. So you have a character for every country.
And pray what are you here?

Lap. My true character, a tailleur.

Henry. A taylor!

Lap. Oui, monsieur, at your service.

A I R I.

*A Londre, I was a taylor nice,
And work for lor so gay,
He never beat me down my price,
But den he never pay;
From lor I could no money get,
My draper wou'd not stay;
So, like my lor, I run in debt,
And den I run away.*

*Vid trick on card, I please my lor,
He wonder how I do't,
And ladies all, my skil adore,
Ten cock in glass I shoot,
De British guineas I command
My pocket to recruit,
I shift it off by slight of hand,
Shift off by sleight of foot.*

*Now here in France, I have no dread
For lor to move my shear,
For here in France dey cannot plead
De privilege of peer.
Monsieur, if you employ a me,
And pretty coat vou'd wear,
Your little tailleur here I be,
Tris-humble serviteur*

*To touch the little ready pelf
I sell the cordial drop,
But none would drink except myself,
So I shut up my shop,*

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

*Of chimney-sweep the tooth so white,
In noble mouth I pop,
My lor he grin, and den he bite,
Bon jour, and off he hop.*

Henry. A taylor, and come to sport your louis upon the jockies of France.

Lap. No, I am come here to sport de jacket upon de jockey; de blue, de red, de green, de orange de emperor's eye, upon the jockey of France. Who give de grand brilliance to de race but de tailleur! Dey may talk of de boot and de spur; but de beaute of de race is blige to de shear and de timble.

Henry. This unfortunate duel! to be forced to live here, an exile from my native England—I wish, like my unhappy sister, I could find a comforter in oblivion.

A I R. II.

*My morning of life, ah, how tranquil, how bright!
No care found a place in my breast;
My noon now is evening, and soon must be night;
A night without comfort or rest.*

*The floods, how resplendent with clear azure skies!
Tho' tempting, — too late, to his cost,
Beneath, for his heaven, who wantonly tries
In streams of false pleasure, is lost.*

Henry. Pray, which is the hotel?

Lap. Hotel! Why, von't you lodge at my house -- de bon apartment?

Henry. Why, faith, at this time, as I wish to be as private as possible, I think that will be the best way.

Lap. Von't you look at my logement?

Henry. With all my heart.

Lap. Dis way if you please. But I won't let him see my new lodger, my little Rosa, because I mean to have her myself. Nannette, shew a de apartment to the gentleman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir John (*without.*) Why, how far farther do you mean to jolt us over these damn'd stones.

B

Enter 1st Waiter and Mrs. Caley.

1st Waiter. This way, your honour. — Madam, here's Sir John Bull, my Lady Bull, and the whole family.

Caley. Ay, this is the truth of an English family!

Enter Sir John and Lady Bull, shewed in by the Master of the Lilly, with porters, &c.

French Inn-keepers. Welcome from Paris! — Why how far farther are you taking us over this damn'd pavement?

Lady Bull. Fie, Sir John, consider where you are. When gentlemen come to France, they always leave their damme's at Dover.

Sir John. I wish I had left you or myself there, damme — Who the devil are there?

Lady Bull. Why don't you see the gentlemen are porters.

Sir John. Porters! pickpockets. Paid by the ounce. Why, one of our Thames-street porters would carry ten times as much; and here's a proof of it. What, Robin, you've got my trunk I see.

Enter Coachman, with a large trunk.

Coachman. Yes, your honour, four mounsheers had it but they dropt it in the dirt.

Lady Bull. Robin, when you've carried it in, you must find out colonel Epaulette. Give our compliments, tell him we are come, and desire to know how he does.

Sir John. Yes, and if Sir Shenkin ap Griffin is at his house, tell him too that we are come, and that Doll is impatient to see him.

Lady Bull. Dolly! why Dolly Bull!

Enter Dolly Bull.

Dolly. Here, mamma. — Pray, mamma, which is the inn?

Lady Bull. Inn, hotel, mifs, if you please.

Dolly. Mifs! mam'felle if you please.

Sir John. Well said, Doll: there's French upon French for you.

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Lady Bull. Pray, monsieur, will you do us the favour to shew us the hotel?

[*To the Master of the Lilly.*

Sir John. Favour to shew us the hotel! How polite we are, and to a waiter, only because he's French! — Ay, come shew the larder, for I'm devilish hungry.

Master. Dis vay, if you please, mademoiselle, I keep a de lilly of France, where you may have de ragout, de fricassée, de Vermicelli soup, de salad.

Cassey (very loud.) Waiter, carry the roast beef up to the Lion.

Sir John (turning quick about.) And carry me up to the Lion too!

Cassey. Oh, to be sure, your honour.

Sir John. So this is your house, eh! And you are English?

Cassey. English! that's what I am. I was born in Dublin.

Sir John. And pray what's your name?

Cassey. Cassey, at your service; and I keep the Lion of England here.

A I R III.

The British Lion is my sign;

A roaring trade I drive on:

Right English usage,—neat French wine

A landlady may thrive on.

At table d'hôte, to eat and drink,

Let French and English mingle,

And while to me they bring the chink,

Faith, let the glasses jingle;

Your rhino rattle, come

Men and cattle, come

All to Mrs. Cassey,

Of trouble and money,

My jewel, my honey,

I warrant I'll make you easy.

II.

When drest and seated in my bar,

Let squire, or beau, or belle come,

Let captains kiss me, if they dare,

It's, Sir, you're kindly welcome!

FONTAINEBLEAU, OR,

On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,

Let rooks and pigeons mingle,

And if to me they bring the chink,

Faith, let the glasses jingle

Rhino rattle, come, &c.

III.

Let love fly here, on silken wings,

His tricks I still connive at;

The lover who would say soft things,

Shall have a room in private.

On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,

So lips in kisses mingle,

For while to me they bring the chink,

Faith, let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino rattle, come

Men and cattle, come

All to Mrs. Cassey;

Of trouble and money,

My jewel, my honey.

I warrant I'll make you easy.

Sir John. Brave! Mrs. Cassey. Introduce us to your roast beef. Come along.

[*Exeunt all but Sir John, who drives the French porters before him, then comes forward on seeing Lackland.*]

Enter Lackland.

Lack. Sir John Bull's family. I hear they're from the city. Voulez vous parler?

Sir John. Don't parley me. I'm an Englishman.

Lack. I see you are, by that honest face.

Sir John. Honest face! Well, and what have you got to say to my honest face, eh?

Lack. The devil take me if I have any thing to say, but how do you do?

Sir John. Pretty well, I thank you, how do you?

[*Looks suspiciously at him.*]

Lack. Well, and pray how do all our friends in Throgmorton-street?

Sir John. Throgmorton-street!

Lack. Sir, I am happy to see you. My heart warms

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at the sight of an Englishman, and I'm always happy to do them any service. I am English, sir, but a little unfortunate, or so.

Sir John. What, you're poor, eh! Yes, faith, you're but a little seedy. Have you no estate?

Lack. I have had.

Sir John. And what have you done with it?

Lack. Turned it into money.

Sir John. Well, and pray what have you done with that?

Lack. Laid it out to advantage, bought experience.

Sir John. Bought experience! Why then by this time you're a damn'd witty fellow.

Lack. Yes, sir, I know the world. I have had man-
sions, arables, freeholds, leaseholds, stewards, wastes,
leases, releases pastures, quarter-days, and such damn'd
incumbrances.

Sir John. And so you have got rid of 'em all. It's all gone, eh?

Lack. Every acre.

Sir John. Why you're a devilish clever fellow. And why did'nt you get your teeth drawn at the same time?

Lack. Very smart and clever.

Sir John. Because, by this time, I suppose you've no use for them.

Lack. Damn'd ignorant old dog! (*aside.*) But, sir, you're just come to France, that is, you're a stranger here. Sir, my heart warms at the sight of my countryman; and 'tis my greatest pride and pleasure to warn honesty of the deceits practised here. Some of our own countrymen appear very serviceable and obliging; but their assiduity always ends in borrowing money.

Sir John. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you. — Sir, will you eat a bit of mutton with us?

Lack. With all my heart; but, sir, as there are ladies, the coat is not quite the thing to appear before ladies in. There, do you see that taylor's over the way? I have a devilish good suit lies there for a trifle. Will you be so obliging as to lend me a guinea, just that I may appear like a gentleman?

Sir John. A guinea suit! eh! — Oh! what till the arables come back? (*laughing.*) Distress to be sure, in a strange country is very hard. What's your name?

Lack. Lackland, at your service, sir.

Sir John. Well, Mr. Lackland, there's a guinea for you.

Lack. (*puts it into his pocket.*) I fancy, Sir John, may pass very well in these clothes, eh!

Sir John. Pass! Oh, yes, you may—for a shop-lifter (*aside.*)

Lack. Sir John, if you'll give me leave, I'll treat you with a flask of most excellent Champagne. — Waiter, a bottle of Champagne.

Sir John. Here's a rascal! Treat me to Champagne my own money too—and I doubt if the rascal has got a shirt to his ruffles.

Lack. I say, my old friend (*putting his hand on his shoulder*) above all beware of strangers — be sure you mind my advice — they're curst assiduous, though it always ends in borrowing money, and laughing at you afterwards — Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Ha! ha! ha! And laughing at me afterwards. That's a good joke — ha! ha! ha! — damn't impudent fellow!

Lack. Now you know their ways, be sure you keep a right-hand upon your cash. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. I shall depend on't; especially if they mention Throgmorton-street.

Lack. True, true, ha! ha! — I'm thinking, ha! ha! — how surprised you'll be when I pay you this guinea to-morrow.

Sir John. Yes, I shall be surprised indeed.

Lack. You see, ha! ha! I've sold all my arables, and have bought experience wholesale.

Sir John. Yes; and now retail it out at a guinea a dose, ha! ha! ha!

Lack. Ha! ha! Bless that jolly face! — How a laugh becomes you! ha! ha! (*taking hold of it.*) I shall for ever acknowledge myself your debtor.

Sir John. I dare say you ever will, ha! ha!

Lack. Here, waiter, shew a room. A bottle of Champagne, and change for a guinea.

[*Exit laughing, and taking hold of Sir John's arm.*]

SCENE. *A Room at Lapoche's.*

Enter Rosa, reading.

" Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 " When warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
 " As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred vail,
 " The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale."
 Poor Eloisa in her cloister spoke my sense. I begin to re-
 pent my elopement. My lady abbess has ere this discover-
 ed it. I wonder if lord Winlove has received my letter. I
 hope it did not miss him. I wish he was come.

A I R IV.

*Oh, lingering time, why with us stay
 When absent love we mourn !
 And why so nimbly glide away
 At our true love's return !*

*Ah, gentle time, the youth attend,
 Whose absence here I mourn ;
 The chearful hours in pity send
 That bring my love's return.*

*I feel my heart with rapture beat ;
 No longer shall I mourn ;
 My lover soon with smiles I'll meet,
 And hail his dear return.*

Hey ? sure my lord Winlove himself !

Enter Lord Winlove.

Lord Winlove. My charming Rosa ! (*embracing her !*)
 Rosa. My lord !

Lord W. But, my dear Rosa, how could you come to
 such a public place as Fontainebleau ; and at such a time,
 when there are so many English families ? Fifty people
 may know us.

Rosa. If I had remained in the village, the lady abbess would have discovered me.

Lord W. Your letter says you escaped from the convent in boy's cloaths.

Rosa. Yes, and I was obliged to change them before I reached Fontainebleau, to elude all search from Villeneuve.

Lord W. And how unlucky to get into the house of Lapoche ! such a busy, talking taylor !

Rosa. I did not know what lodging to get. 'Twas better I thought, than being at a hotel. I wish I was any where else.

Lord W. Don't sigh, my Rosa ; for though I was not to be threatened into a marriage by the young Chamont your brother, when he overtook us at Rochester ; yet I shall with pride acknowledge you Lady Winlove on my return to England.

A I R. V.

*Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,
When the sun withdraws his ray ;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendor,
Painted by the beam of day.*

*With each good fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry sweet that sense could move ;
Passion sighs tho' all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.*

*Dearest maid, thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay my hours shall be ;
By this heart with rapture glowing,
Thou art light and love to me !*

The story of your brother's killing me is every where believed ; therefore I mean to leave Fontainebleau, and by a cross route reach Paris.

Rosa. Oh, my lord, I shall never forgive myself for this wicked, impious step.

Lord W. The impiety was mine, my Rosa, to rob heaven of an angel.

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Enter Nanette.

Nanette. Oh, madam, my sister has brought in a new lodger, a young officer, and our countryman. — Oh dear! I did not know this gentleman was here.

Lord W. An English officer; I'll instantly order a postchaise, for your removal from this group of jockies, grooms, peers and pickpockets. *Exit Lord W.*

Nan. (*opening the folding doors*). Madam, look here, come and have one. (*Kisses her hand to be heard.*)

Rosa. Oh fie, Nanette. When that gentleman returns, you'll call me to him. [*Exit Rosa.*]

Nan. Lord! how nice we are! I've a great mind to win the gloves myself (*going.*) Lord! he wakes?

Henry (*coming forward.*) This travelling by night is very fatiguing. I thought to have slept in the chaise, but was disappointed by the jolting on the road.

Nan. Did you call, sir?

Henry. Ay, Who are you, my pretty lass?

Nan. My name is Nancy, sir; but my master will call me Nanette after the French fashion.

Henry. Oh then, you're fille de chambre to the master of this lodging!

Ean. At your service, sir.

A I R VI.

*Indeed I'll do the best I can
To please so kind a gentleman;
You lodge with us, and you shall see
How careful poor Nanette will be;
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
With bow-pots for the sweet perfume:
A'n't please you, sir,
When you get up,
Your coffee brown,
In china cup,
Dinner, desert,
And bon soupe:*

*Sur mou honneur, at night you be
With waxen taper lit to bed
By poor Nanette your chambermaid.*

Enter Lapoche.

Lap. (during the song.) Here's fine doings in my house!—Oh fie, Nannette, why do you come here singing! Oh, you jade, I'll—Hope you had a good sleep, fir.—Get out! Vat do yo you come here for?—I'll knock a his head—Hope you refresh ver much after your sleep, fir—Get out—go yonder, dat vay—I hope you like your lodging.—Get out Nannette—*(he pushes her off.)*—Curse a dese red officier; de girls so fond—you'll find a my house ver convenient. You may have a de von, two course—de petite chanson; invite whom you please, your countrymen eat, drink, sing, roar, be so jolly, swear and knock a your fists against von another's head, a la mode de Londres.

Enter Nannette.

Nan. Sir, monsieur.

Lap. Nannette, why do come dis vay, peeping at de man in de red coat? Get out *(pushes her.)*

Nan. Sir, I only vant —

Lap. Get a you gone; you jade—I know ver well vat you want. You come peeping at de officier. Why you come peeping at de men?

Nan. Lord, fir, I had a message. Sir Shenkin ap Griffin has sent for the new jackets for the jockies; and Colonel Epaulette has sent to know if the English liveries are made.

Lap. Dese are my grand customer *(to Henry)*. Vill you get out of de vay? *(to Nannette)*. Sir Shenkin is ver great man. I make a de jacket for de race.—Get a you first, Nannette.—Dis vay if you please.

[Exeunt]

SCENE. *Another Room at Lapoche's.*

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. I wonder what should keep lord Winlove so long. I'm surprised he does not return. Should he and

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my brother meet — this suspense is tormenting. Would we were on the road! Yet why do I wish to see England, when those whom most I love are in this kingdom!

A I R VII.

*The night, when pass'd in golden skies,
If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,*

*The sailor spies, completely blest:
The sight each tender thought inspires,
His love's on shore, and fancy fires,
And fancy fires his faithful breast.*

*The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls, and sings, my love's on shore,
He waves his hat, and cries adieu,
Farewell, good ship and loving crew,
Farewell, good ship, for love I steer,
And as around he turns his face,*

*To view the happy, well known place,
The happy place that holds his dear,
The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls and sings, my love's on shore.*

Nannette and Henry (*within*). The lady desires not to be seen by any body.

Henry. I will come in. The boy, said the lady, was impatient to see me.

Enter Henry.

Rosa. What do I see? — My brother?

Henry. My sister Rosa!

Rosa. My dear brother, though appearances are against me, yet when you're acquainted with the circumstances, you'll forego your resentment.

Henry. Why did you quit the convent where I placed you, that you might find an asylum for your shame?

Rosa. My dear brother, if you knew some particulars, that prudence forbids me to mention —

Henry. Talk not of prudence. Are you not lost to every sense of virtue? And have you not involved me

20 FONTAINEBLEAU; Or,
in a misfortune, that will for ever disturb my peace
Rosa (aside). He don't know that my lord is alive,
and I dare not inform him, lest his ill-placed passion
should relapse.

Henry. I'll lodge you safe at Villeneuve once more.
And yet, as my charmer said she was coming to the
races, if I quit them without finding her, I may never
see her again. But my sister must go to the abbess, and I shall
desire her to strengthen your spiritual claims — and yet
love so sympathizes in my own breast, that I'll chide no
more.

A I R VIII.

*Brooks, to your sources ah swiftly return
Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;
Truth and virtue pass away,
Ere I for another my true love betray.*

A C T II.
S C E N E I.

View of Fontainebleau Race-Course.

*Enter Sir Shenkin ap Griffin and Jockey, several other
Stablemen, with cloths, bottles, rubbing sticks, &c.*

Sir Shenkin. YOU are a pig plockhead. You have
done very bad indeed.

Dick. I won the race; what would you have me do
more?

Sir Shenkin. Won the race! You should have tis-
tanced his Plack Prince with my Merlin.

Dick. Why, if I had pushed so hard, I should have
lost the first heat, when I was so cock-sure of winning.

Sir Shenkin. Cock-sure! Dick, Don't tell me of your
Yorkshire tricks.

OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 21

Dick. Why then I say it was quite the policy of the thing.

Sir Shenkin. Policy! follies! His Joan of Arc is to run against my Winney, and if you had tistanced, I should have had all the long odds in favour of my own horse.

Dick. I did the best I could: I won the race; and if you ar'n't satisfied, you may ride the match yourself to-morrow.

Sir Shenkin. 'Tid your pest! Get out, you impertinent — goot jockies should know how to tistance, to win, or to lose. Ay goot jockies should know how to lose as well as to win. — My Merlin is full brother to Winney; and if he had tistanced to-day, I should have taken in the whole field to-morrow, man, woman and child. — Oh, here comes Mr. Lackland, the shentleman ragamuffin.

Enter Lackland.

Lack. Ay, give you joy, my boy Shenkin (*pats his shoulder*).

Sir Shenkin. Shoy is a fery pretty thing, Mr. Lackland, peacause it kives pleasures; put your kiving me shoy by the name of poy, does not kif me pleasures: for look you, Mr. Lackland, I am a man and a shentleman; my name is Shenkin ap' Griffin, Paronet: and I am of as high a tescent —

Lack. As ever came from the mountains. Ay, come, Sir Shenkin, you and I are both of us very good blood.

Sir Shenkin. I know you are tescended from Welch extraction by the mother's side; put my family, look you, is as creat and as antient, look you, as any in the county of Flint.

Lack. Come, Mr. Welchman, don't strike your flint against me: if you do, I shall take fire.

Sir Shenkin. Yes, I think you would take fire inteed, for your coat is tender. Ha! ha!

Lack. Come, come, though you won the race, don't ride the high horse with me, but start some other subject for your jokes.

Sir Shenkin. Why yes, as you say, 'tis rather a threadbare subject.

Lack. Well, sir, I wish you'd have done with your jokes; if not, I —— (*putting his hand to his sword.*)

Sir Shenkin. Bless my soul! I so always put myself into a good humour with my jokes. Put come, kiff me your hand. If I did laugh at your coat, I will get you petter. Ha! ha! ha! — Look yonder, my eye in your wardrobe. I have a coat in my eye for you.

Lack. Who is that?

Sir Shenkin. Colonel Epaulette.

Colonel (without, singing). Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves, &c.

Lack. Oh! 'tis the English Frenchman, that I have heard so much of.

Sir Shenkin. Ay, there he goes as merry after his feat, as if he was dancing to parson Morgan's fiddle.

Lack. They say he has a most benevolent nature, that he's very fond of the English, and wishes to learn all our customs and manners, and style of doing things.

Sir Shenkin. Yes, and he loses his money, and is as happy as if he won. I am his preceptor, and to teach him all polite accomplishments, the English customs and language.

Lack. You teach — I suppose by this time he can smoke, swear, and play at cricket.

Sir Shenkin. Perhaps he may; and he has twenty thousand a year beside.

Lack. Introduce me to him. I like a man that has twenty thousand a year.

Sir Shenkin. Ay, he is your mark. Ha! ha! ha! He's in spirits, and thinks himself very clever if he interlards his conversation with a dozen tamme's.

Enter Colonel Epaulette, singing.

“Of a noble race was Sir Shenkin

“In de land of Mr. Tudor,”

Your servant, Sir Shenkin, your servant. Your Merlin did peat my Plack Prince for five thousand, so dere they are, damme — one thousand bank of Paris, two thousand bank of England, one Drummond, and one Child,

OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 23

Lack. Sir Shenkin, as I've none of my own, if you please, I'll adopt that child.

Sir Shenkin. A very good joke! Ha! ha! ha! Sir, with your leave and your likings, this is Mr. Thingemmy. Mr. Thingemmy, this is Colonel What-d'ye call-'em, and now you know one another.

Lack. Colonel What-d'ye-call him, your must obedient.

Colonel. Mr. Thingemmy, your servant:

Sir Shenkin: Colonel, this is your preceptor, to fight your duels, or carry on intrigue:

Colonel. Sir, ven my king does not command me to be your enemy, I shall be very happy to be friends with your English nation.

Sir Shenkin. That's right; he's a tutor for you. He's a man of wit I assure you. Faith! he lives by his wits (*aside*). He has flats and sharps for the shentlemen, and scales for the ladies.

Lack. No, no, si; you see what I am, an ordinary fellow. To be sure, now and then I do come out with a little sally.

Colonel. Sir, I shall be very proud to be introduced to your little Sally.

Lack. Sir, your most obedient, with pleasure. To be sure, now and then the ladies do squint at me a little: Just now, as I passed along what-d'ye-call-'em street, there were five or six peeping out at the windows. There he is, says one. Ay, that's him, says another. Oh, 'tis the English ambassador, says the third. No, no, says a fourth, 'tis the Emperor incog. That it is, says another. So they agree, *nem. con.* that I'm the Emperor *incog*:

Sir Shenkin: Mr. Emperor, I will help you to a coat to carry on the war. I will new robe your imperial majesty (*aside to Lackland*).—I say, Colonel, get rid of your rascal, and ket a coat more in our style, ha, Lackland!

Lack. (*adjusting his coat*). I own I was always partial to the New-markêt style.

Colonel. I think his coat is in the Old-market style.

Lack. Why 'tis rather—Upon my soul, you've a devilish deal of wit. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Sir Shenkin whispers the Colonel.*]

Colonel. Sir, you do me great honour. Will you eat a bit of dinner with me?

Lack. Sir, I'll breakfast, dine and sup with you. Sir, I'll stay a month in your house.

Sir Shenkin. Yes, and you'll find it tamm'd hard to get him out of your house.

Colonel. Indeed! Sir, you are de most hospitable fellow.

Lack. Is that your sister Celia? I had not seen her some time. She's a charming girl.

Sir Shenkin. Yes, she was a fine girl, but her Paris education has spoiled her.

Lack. I shall dance with her to-night.

Sir Shenkin. Inteed you won't, for Celia has money and you are poor.

Lack. Well, has her money spoiled her dancing?

Sir Shenkin. No, put tancings pring palmings, and palmings pring matrimonies; and you must not marry into the ap Griffins. Only suppose now to yourself I am her guardian. So, Mr. Mogul, don't drop your hind kerchief at my sister. I find you've thrust your nose in to Sir John Pull's Family; and I will advise you to keep out of the field there too.

Colonel. Sir John Bull! dat is de famille dat is recommended to me from his grace de duke.

Lack. You advise! why so? Oh! I hear you are to marry miss Dolly Bull; but where's the Welch price there? What! mix the blood of Cadwallader with the puddle of Thames-street?

Sir Shenkin. Look you, Mr. Lackland, I know my pops and sharps as well as you; so let's have none of your London tricks there.

Colonel. Oh charming London!

Sir Shenkin. Ay, London for ever, colonel — I'll give you my idea of it. Now, you must fancy me a puck or a plood, look you.

A I R IX.

*In London my life is a ring of delights
In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
I snooze at the Hummings till twelve, perhaps later,
I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter:*

OUR WAY IN FRANCE.

25

*Your honor, says he, and then tips me a leg,
He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.*

*With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing, smashing,
smacking, cracking, rumbling;*

*laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking, swaggering, staggering,
so thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow;*

his, this is the life of a frolicsome fellow.

*My phaet'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
I handle my reins and my elbows I square;*

*My ponies so plump, and as white as a lilly,
Through Pallmall I spank it. and up Piccadilly,*

*Till losing a wheel, egad down come I smack,
So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack*

At Tattersall's sling a leg over my nag.

Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag.

With swearing, &c.

I stroll round the garden, and call at the Rose,

And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;

*I loange in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide and swag-
ger,*

Talk loud, take my money, and out again stagger.

I meet at the Shakespeare a good-natur'd soul,

Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;

The joys of the night are a thousand at play,

And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

Enter Celia.

Celia. There he goes. A pleasant brother, I must confess. I wish I had stayed at Paris. No soul to speak here but the Bull family. Now if chance would but throw the handsome officer in my way that I saw at the opera.

A I R X.

*Search all the wide creation round,
Or earth, or air, or deep profound,*

D

Lack. Sir, I'll breakfast, dine and sup with you. Sir, I'll stay a month in your house.

Sir Shenkin. Yes, and you'll find it tamm'd hard to ket him out of your house.

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OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 25

Your honor, says he, and then tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a stop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry bounce.
 With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing, smashing,
 smacking, cracking, rumbling;
 Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joking, swaggering, staggering,
 So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so mellow;
 This, this is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

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 to here but the Bull family. Now if chance would but
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 opera.

A I R X.

Search all the wide creation round,
 Or earth, or air, or deep profound,

D

To some great universal end,
Power, sense, instinct, reason, tend;
'Tis love, sweet universal love!

Why Poebus smile upon the morn?
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn?
Why flowers perfume the breath of spring?
Or why do birds on hawthorn sing?
'Tis love, sweet universal love!

With honour join'd, oh! form'd to bliss,
Thy power let every heart confess;
If sense and reason but remove,
The bandage from the eyes of love!
Of love, sweet universal love!

Deuce take the man! If his smiles were worth a thought
he'd have followed me to Fontainebleau.— Oh, temptati-
on! yonder he comes—I must retire.

Enter Henry and Rosa.

Henry. Indeed, Rosa, I'm glad you've not escaped farther.

Celia (behind) Ay, hold of that lady's arm.—I wonder women have no decency in public. *[Exit.]*

Henry. Ha! yonder is the very charmer I saw at the Sunday opera at Paris. I must follow her. *[Exit]*

Rosa. If lord Winlove should follow, death to him or my brother must ensue.

[Celia sings a few notes, and exit]

Enter Lapoche.

Lap. Ah! my dear Rosa, I was afraid I had lose you. I am glad you have escape from that rogue.—

Enter Henry.

Oh, My friend, I'm glad to meet a you—I run so fast, and ask every body, all de little jockey Boys, and, was so whip and kick about as I came across dis big horse field.

Henry. Well, what do you want?—If I don't follow her now, I may never see her again.

Lap. Oh, sir I only forget to give a you your receipt in your hurry.

Henry. I suppose you mean I forgot to pay you your bill. Well, I shall be back in a moment. Dy'e hear? take care of that lady, and don't quit her till my return.

Rosa. What is he gone?

Lap. I hope he will never come back again, unless to pay me my bill.

Rosa. Ay, I see that lady has a charm for him. Unkind Henry, to be angry with me for a passion your own heart is so susceptible of!

Lap. My deare sweetest—

Rosa. Well Sir, did you see the gentleman?

Lap. What the pretty gentleman that loves you?

Rosa. Yes.

Lap. Every morning in my looking-glass.

Rosa. Pshaw! have you seen the gentleman that enquired for me at your house?

Lap. Oh, you sly little devil! You run away from the convent to von gentleman. in de mans coat, den from de gentleman de officier; and now you want to be with the gentleman again.

Rosa. Your'e not much out there.

Lap. Oh, you be von sly coquin.

Rosa. If Lord Winlove and my brother should meet, I dread the consequences. (*aside*)

Lap. (*who has been looking after Henry*) De capitaine is safe, dere is no danger (*aside*) he is making love to a nother lady. let me revenge his slighted vows — Oh! her skin is smooth as English broad cloth, soft as Genoa velvet! and her eyes are as bright as de polish of de Birmingham button. Oh! she's a pattern for a tailleur's wife!

28 FONTAINEBLEAU; Or,

Rosa. It certainly will be the best way to see lord Winlove, notwithstanding the impertinence of this fellow.—Well, sir, shall we go to your house?

Lap. My house! — Yes, I see she loves me; and adore the dimples of her pretty chin.

A I R XI.

*Love does so run in my head,
Devil a stitch can I do;
From my jump out of my bed,
Till my jump in it vid you.*

Oh!

Sweet

Pet

Liver once cold as a cucumber,

Heigho!

Go,

Get away, litel Nannette.

*Welcome, my bosom, a new comer,
Who like me loves you? oh, not a man!
My handkerchief, was I a great Ottoman,
Drops at your pretty toe.*

*Sweet Hen, in your beauties, I'll sun me,
Your twinkles and dimples have won me,
Den wink and smile pretty upon me,
Your game cock den vil I crow.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. A Grove.

Enter Henry and Celia.

Henry. Charming woman! From the first minute I saw you at the opera-house to this instant, I have not had a moment's happiness.

Celia. Oh then, you think this a happy moment. I congratulate your good fortune, and leave you to the enjoyment of it (*going.*)

OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 29

Henry. Don't leave me. Permit me to follow. I'm a captive bound in your chains.

Celia. And so, my captive would make his conqueror a prisoner of war!

Henry. Thus then, I kiss the chains, and thus adore — (*kneeling.*)

Celia. Oh, have a care, captain, you'll soil your regiments.

Henry. Charming woman! I'm enchanted! charmed with your vivacity!

Celia. Was you never so enchanted, or charmed before, as you call it?

Henry. Enchanted and charmed, but never loved.

A I R XII.

*Through circling sweets I freely rove,
And think my passion true,
But every charm that man can love,
Sweet love, I find in you.
I will not boast with stoic pride,
That I've a heart of stone;
That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,
To you I frankly own,
For circling sweets, &c.*

*That beauty bears a gentle mind,
The source of every joy,
Is now the hope I wish to find,
Then don't that hope destroy,
For circling sweets, &c.*

*For, since that each external grace
Is by my fair possess'd,
In pity let her mind keep pace,
And make her lover blest.
For circling sweets, &c.*

Celia. If you are serious, pray walk it off that way, and I'll walk this. But if you really mean to meet in the field again, I'll send you a challenge by my brother.

Henry. Your brother

Celia. Yes, and then, in respect of what you mention
I—but no; you're conceited enough already.

A I R XIII.

*No hurry I'm in to be married,
But if it's the will of my brother,
I'd much rather stay;
Yet since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A strange custom this to be married,
Though follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay;
But since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

*A prude, though she long to be married,
Endeavours her wishes to smother.
I'd give you her nay;
But since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.*

[Exit.]

Henry Charming Celia!—Oh, here comes Sir Shenkin ap Griffin. As her brother is one of the turf, I just stop and ask if he knows her; and then for my sister Rosa.

Enter Sir Shenkin and Groom.

Sir Shenkin (*entering*). Give Winney a horn of milk and let her here be crowned with a mistletoe, and let Jon play the harp before her, that every true Briton may rejoice at Winney's victories. [Exit Groom]

Henry. Your servant, Sir Shenkin. You saw that handsome lady that parted from me just now? Is not she very handsome?

Sir Shenkin. Yes; she is handsome, like me.

Henry. I shall shortly call her mine,

Sir Shenkin. The devil you shall!

OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 31

Henry. The chief obstacle to our union is her thick-headed brother. Perhaps you may know him. He's one of the turf, and has not an idea in his head beyond cock or a horse. But no matter for that; I'll have her.

Sir Shenkin. Perhaps not. How dare you talk of my thick head? For fifty pounds, I have as many ideas in my head as you.

Henry. Here's a blunder! her brother!

Sir Shenkin. Yes, she's my sister; and that's your share of her (*snapping his fingers*); so my head may be ash, or oak, look you, or elm, or mahogany, or any wood you please.

Henry. But, Sir Shenkin, hear me.

Sir Shenkin. Hold!—I've thought of a way. This may turn to my advantage. (*Aside.*)—Colonel Epaulette is a shentleman? He's descended in a straight line from King Pippin the Great; but though a prince in politics, in affairs of jockeyship, he's no more than an ass. Look you, my Winney is to run his Joan of Arc to-morrow. Do you lay all the bets you can against her; for look you she shall lose, that is, my jockey shall lame her. I'll pay forfeit, and after the race we'll meet, and share the cash like honest fellows.

Henry. Sir Shenkin, honesty, generosity and pure sincerity of heart have ever been the characteristics of your country; but I find the pernicious practice of gaming is a decoy sufficient to seduce the honour even of a Welchman.

Sir Shenkin. It may be so; but it's very good turf-honour for all that.

Henry. Then on or off the turf, I must beg leave not to be a scoundrel.

Sir Shenkin. Why then, give over all thoughts of my sister; don't look at her. I have heard of your fighting a lord for your sister; so take care of me. Pistol-pullets are not cherry-stones, and sharp swords are not green leeks.

Henry. I must seem to comply, or lose all hopes of Celia. I've thought of it, and I will punish him (*aside*).—Sir Shenkin, upon second thoughts I'll join you in this roguery.

Sir Shenkin Will you? then you are a damn'd honest fellow. So come along; my sister's your own, and she shall tell you so this minute. I'll leave you with her; and then for my own affair with miss Pull.—Pless her soul! how full of pusiness her is! what with marriages matches and slang-matches—Come along. [*Exeunt*]

Enter Sir John Bull.

Sir John. Devilish lucky I happened to meet with this English hotel: The mounsheers would have poisoned me else. My wife and daughter are making mademoiselles of themselves, to pay a visit to this colonel Epaulette.—Oh! here they come.

Enter Lady and Miss Bull.

Mademoiselle a la mode de Paris.—Hollo! George!

Lady B. What's the meaning of all this noise, Sir John?

Sir John. Here, George, get me a pipe.

Lady B. A pipe! What, do you think you're at Dobney's bowling-green?

Dolly. Papa, consider you now are at Fontainebleau, the very seat of elegance and fashion.

Sir John. Mrs, Casey, get me a ledger, and tankard of porter.

Lady B. Fie, Sir John.—There now, he's at Galloway's coffee-house. Sir John, do behave yourself. You're not now at Margate, raffling for toys.

Dolly. No, nor dancing with your boots on at Dandelion, papa.

Lady B. Do, get a little into the a la mode de Paris. I've sent for a French tailor to make you a suit of cloaths, that you may appear a little gay. The colonel may introduce us to the prince; but how would the prince be shocked at your appearance!

Sir John. I don't think my appearance quite so shocking. No, my lady Bull. I think a British alderman may stand before the first potentate in Christendom, without shocking him.

A I R XIV.

*I'm here in France ; the more fool I
 To quit my beef and pudding ;
 At ton and taste you all will cry,
 Oh yes, John Bull's a good' an.
 In air or dress no travell'd mac
 Of joint shall put my nose out,
 At shrug and grin I've got the knack,
 And see I turn my toes out.*

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

*Goodzooks ! so fine myself I'll rig,
 That nobody shall know me ;
 My shining pate I'll straight unwig,
 In silk mounsheer shall sow me.
 My arm shall squeeze a chapeau bras,
 No more I'll block my beaver ;
 I'll store and cock my opera glass,
 And strut so monstrous clever.*

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

*I'll take a lady to the ball,
 And lest that I should shock her,
 My head I'll puff with Mareschal,
 And to my back a knocker.
 To make my fist appear a hand,
 I'll draw on gloves of chicken,
 While the cassino plays the band,
 And cotilons we're clcking.*

Toll, lol, lol, &c.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Lackland, sir, desires to be admittcd.

Sir John. Ay, shew the poor fellow up. [*Exit Serv.*]

Lady B. There's a pretty fellow, indeed ! And you,
Sir John, to come to France, to get acquainted with
 your countrymen—and such shabby——

E

Enter Lackland.

Sir John. Shabby! eh! does that look like shabby?
—What, you've recovered the arables again, or have you met with another fool from Throgmorton-street?

Lack. Do, be quiet, Bull.—Ladies, your most obedient. Don't let my appearance disconcert any body. I am just come from my friend Colonel Epaulette. He begged I would give his compliments, and he'll wait on you presently.—That's a monstrous fine girl, Bull.

Sir John. Who, Doll? She's a damn'd fine girl.
Ay, and I shall give fourscore thousand pounds worth of Doll.

Lack. Fourscore thousand!—a good hint. Oh yes, I'll marry Doll; but then that cursed mechanic—

Lady B. Summon the graces, my dear.

Dolly. Oh dear! the powder's all gone. What shall I do? I wish I could get a barber to titivate me up a little.

Lack. Pray, Bull, did not you keep a shop once?

Sir John. Ay, fifteen years; the Grasshopper upon Garlick-hill.

Lack. Garlick-hill! And, perhaps, you sold raisins!

Sir John. Raisins! ay, and figs too.

Lack. Pho!—Figs!—Yes, I'll marry her, though she's a dowdy, and her father a seller of figs.—Do, sit down, Bull. (*Pulling him back.*)

Sir John. Sit down! No, I wont.

Lack. Miss—miss—you're handsome, and—

Dolly. Lord! I like him monstrously.

Lack. No—I believe I had best speak first of all to the brother. Know—

Sir John. Why, do you know—

Lack. Prythee, be quiet, Bull.—Madam you're monstrously well dressed. It would be difficult to say, whether the person ornaments the dress, or the dress the person.—This lady (*to Dolly*) is the picture of true English liberty; and you are from top to toe, the madame Ninon of France.

Sir John. Dan-na-non!—The fellow speaks French too.

OUR WAY IN FRANCE? 35

Lack. (*to miss*) Madam, may I hope to have the honour of your hand at the ball.

Dolly. Yes, if you please, sir, with all my heart.

Sir John. Yes! Why, have you not promised Sir Shenkin ap Griffin?

Dolly. Yes; but I did not know this gentlemen then.

Lady B. Miss, don't you remember I've promised you Colonel Epaulette shall dance with you? You should not be so forward with your yes.

Dolly. But, perhaps, the Colonel may not like me, or I may not like the Colonel.

Lack. Consider, madam, if you had never said yes, this beautiful creature had never been the exact resemblance of her accomplished mother.

Lady B. Oh, dear sir!—Lord! he's vastly well-pleased.

Enter Sir Shenkin.

Sir John. I have been fighting your battles. I am glad you are come, or faith! you might have lost Doll.

Sir Shenkin. Oh yes, I see if the grey mare is the better horse, I shall lose the field.

Lack. Madam (*to miss*) will you do me the honour of your lilly hand?

[*Sir John takes her away.*]

Sir Shenkin. Look you, Mr. Lackland, her hand may be lilly, or tulip, or daffidowndilly, you've no pusiness with it.

Lack. Do you know who you are talking to?—Come, madam——If you insult me, you know I won't take it (*feeling his pocket.*) Do, Bull, step and fetch my snuff-box out of the parlour.—Sir Shenkin, if you mean to insult, you shall go out with me.

[*Exeunt Lackland and Lady Bull.*]

Sir Shenkin. Mr. Lackland, my Lady Bull will go out with you,

Sir John. An impudent dog, to send me for his snuff-box!—Go out!—Pray is not that one of your fighting phrases?

Sir Shenkin. Yes; he's fery fond of it: And sometimes 'tis meat and drinks to him. With a pair of pis-

tols he must be fery pretty company in a little room.

Dolly. Yes, he must be excellent company in a little room.

Sir John. I don't know where you have been; but if you mean to marry Doll, you must look about you, my boy (*patting Sir Shenkin's back.*)

Dolly. Ay, that you must, my boy.

Sir John. Sir Shenkin, give me your hand. I'm pleased at your winning the race, that if I had fifty daughters, you should have them all, though they had a plum a piece.

Sir Shenkin. Thank you, Sir John.—But that's true. Look you (*taking his pocket-book out.*) you owe me fifty pounds.

Sir John. Me!

Sir Shenkin. Yes, fifty pounds that you lost.

Sir John. Lost! I had a fifty pound note this morning. I hope I have not lost it out of my book.—Oh no; there it is; it's safe.

Sir Shenkin. Then you may as well give it me.

Sir John. Give it you! for what?

Sir Shenkin. Because you do owe it me.

Sir John. Me! no; that's too bad. I never borrowed fifty pence of you in my life.

Sir Shenkin. Pho! pho! You laid me fifty pounds on the race, and did lose.

Sir John. I remember I said I thought the brown horse run the fastest.

Sir Shenkin. You laid me fifty pounds on my Winney, and Joan of Arc did beat her,

Sir John. Who I!

Sir Shenkin. Yes. When I said she would lose, you said a done; and tone and tone is pet.

Sir John. Psha! psha! Damn your Winney! I never laid —

Sir Shenkin. I say, cot pless her — why do you tam my Winney? — The bishop of Bangor, look you, durst not tam my Winney.

Sir John. Hold your tongue!

Sir Shenkin. Then why do you tam my Winney? Look you, Sir John, you laid me fifty pounds that my mare was the winning horse; and I always make it a rule to pay and receive all my rents of honour.

Sir John. Honour! fie, fie!—What, do you think I'll give you fifty pounds, because one horse thrusts his nose farther than t'other?

Dolly. Lord! give him fifty pounds, pappa.

Sir John. Doll, that fellow's a rogue.

Sir Shenkin. Rogueries and honesty's are incompatible. And look you, I'll bring you down, though you were pig pold eagle upon the top of Snowdon.

Sir John. There! he calls your father a bald eagle.

Sir Shenkin. Sir John, you're to be my father; and look you, I will refer it to the jockey-club, and then, if you don't pay me, I'll post you at Tatterfall's.

Sir John. Eh! there's your fifty pound.—Come here, Doll. That's a rogue.—There, Sir Shenkin, by gaining fifty pounds, you have lost my daughter and fourscore thousand. So, your servant, Sir Shenkin.—Post me at Tatterfall's!—There now, you may post that at Tatterfall's.
[*Exeunt Sir John and Dolly.*]

Sir Shenkin. The peard of a leek and the peard of a goat for you! (*hums in tune*) a pretty commence!—Pless my foul! how hot it is!

Enter Miss Dolly.

Dolly. Sir Shenkin, I have run away from the old fogrum.

Sir Shenkin. Old fogrum! a pretty name that to give a father! I've a great mind to run away with miss Doll, to be revenged on old fogrum. It will be pretty retaliations.

Dolly. Lord then! what signifies talking about him? Why don't you run away with me at once?

Sir Shenkin. I'm going to colonel Epäulette's. His house is near the castle. Meet me there, look you, in half an hour; and then his chaplain shall make us two patchelors one married couple.

Dolly. Indeed, I won't be married here though; for I've been told that the parsons are all popes.

Sir Shenkin. You'll find an honest fellow in father Bluebottle, as he calls himself. Put however, if you can't like it, I'll run away with you to Chyehwechlyn;

and on the morning of our marriage we shall have all our friends and neighbours under our windows to sing us merry miscellanies and epithalamiums of music; and there'll be the oboe, the drum, the trumpet, the marrow-pones and cleafers, and pest of all, the harp.

A I R XV.

*The morning we're married, how funny and jolly,
The pridegroom Sir Shenkin, the pride Lady Tolly!
When rous'd by sweet clamour we open our peepers,
And Phæbus salute in our night-gowns and slippers;
Then under our windows musicians all come,
Play little sweet hautboy, sharp siagelet, drum.
But till the harp's melodious tingle,
All is puff, rattle, squeak and jingle.*

*The cymbals they grind, and the basses they grumble,
Pianve and fortes, a delicate jumble.
All joy to your honors. See, see how they flock,
Whilst cleaver and marrowpone go nickety knock,
Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet
Sound. sound—while we swallow our coffee and crumpet.
But til, &c.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Enter 1st Waiter from Mrs. Casey's House, meeting
2d Waiter.*

1st Waiter. BOB, why do you go about so with your hands in your pocket, when you know the house is so full of company?

2d Waiter. Why, mistress sent me for captain Huff, to see if he can bully this Lackland out of the house.

[Exit.]

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1st Waiter. Bully him out! — Faith! the captain's whole regiment would not do it. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Cassey.

Cassey. Upon my soul, my friend shall do it. Indeed, an he'll bully this Lackland out of the house. Faith! he shall be ousted.

Enter Lackland.

Lackland. You impertinent scoundrels, no attendance! — Pray, Mrs. Cassey, why don't you turn these fellows off, and get civiler waiters?

Cassey. Civiler waiters! Upon my conscience, the lads are civil enough. Why don't you pay your score, and get out of my house, spunging upon my best customers, and strutting about in their old cloaths like a Bashaw. There you are fairly copied down seven pages, and not a penny of money.

Lack. I'm the best customer you have. There is not a table in your house, on which I have not left the mark of a dice-box. 'Is there a morning I don't order a Sandwich, or a day I don't drink my four bottles after dinner?

Cassey. A how many do you pay for?

Lack. Well, that's my affair, not yours.

Cassey. Here, Bob, bring Mr. Lackland his bill. It lies in the bar.

Waiter. Bill! what is the tide turned? Here, chamberlain, ostler, waiter? [Exit.]

Lack. Have you a man comes to your house, that calls about them like me, except my friends? When I'm gone, you'll have no more carriages and coronets calling at your door. If I leave you, your house will be ruined.

(The Waiter gives the Bill to Mrs. Cassey. — Servants enter.)

Cassey. My house will be ruined indeed, if I have not money to pay my wine-merchant. Why don't you take up a brown musket, or the end of a sedan-chair! instead

of which you strut about like a lord, and give yourself airs like a lord, and drink like a lord, and swear like a lord, ay and — here's your bill, and I dare say, you'll pay it like a lord.

Lack. Perhaps I may. What do you give me your cursed long pieces of paper for? Do you think a gentleman has got nothing else to do, but to lug about great lumps of damn'd heavy gold in his pocket, to pay you such ugly, long, cursed bills as these (*tearing them*) when Bob and you think proper to thrust them into his hands? — Here, you rascals, get my baggage, and send it to the lilly.

Cassey. D'ye hear? Carry it upon a china plate, for 'tis a nice affair.

Waiter. Your honour will remember the waiter.

Cook. The cook, your honour.

Cham. I am de chamberlain.

Boy. And de jack a de boots your honour.

Lack. Get out, you rascal! I've no boots.

[*Drives them off, and exits.*]

Cassey. See how I'm used, because I'm a lone woman. Why don't I marry! — Oh! I wish I had a bit of a man for your sake (*looking after Lackland.*) Ah! it was not always thus.

A I R XVI.

*Kilkenny is a handsome place
As any town in Shamrockshire;
There first I saw my Femmy's face,
There Femmy first beheld his dear.
My love he was a bashful boy,
And I a simple girl to see;
Yet I was Femmy's only joy,
And Femmy was the lad for me.*

*But Dublin city bore the bell
In streets and squares, and houses fine;
Oh! there young Dick his love could tell,
And there I told young Dickey mine:
For Dick he was a roving blade,
And I was hearty, wild and free;
He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
Then Dickey was the lad for me!*

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*When Dover strand my happy lot,
And William there my love did crown,
Young Dick and Femmy I forgot,
Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town:*

*For William was a gentle youth,
Too bashful, nor too bold was he;
He said he lov'd, and told me truth,
And William was the lad for me*
[Exit.

Enter Lackland.

Lack. No getting on this way. The road! take a purse—No, I never thought seriously of that. No, marriage—Miss Bull is to be had—Garlick hill—Oh! but even that requires a small sum. and I have nothing to set about it with. I think Henry would assist me with a trifle, bad as his finances may be. But where to find him—He's skulking about the town, thinking he has killed Lord Winlove, a man, whom not an hour ago I saw alive and well. Marriage then is my dernier sort.

Lap. (without). Tell Sir John Bull I'll wait on him presently.

Enter Lapoche.

Lap. Monsieur Lackland, I am angry — I am enraged——

Lack. (snappishly) Well! what about?

Lap. (starting) What about! I am not afraid, sir. De fine lodger that you did recommend——

Lack. What! he has taken French leave I suppose!

Lap. I would take leave to put him into French prison if I could find him.

Lack. Eh! a thought strikes that may raise the supplies, and put a few guineas into my pocket.—Ay, Lapoche, this fine officer, as we thought him, is no other than an impostor, escaped from England, in woman's cloaths.

Lap. In woman's cloaths! Nothing but impostors. The nun I have in my house, escaped from the convent

of Villeneuve in boy's cloaths.—In woman's cloaths.—
Ah den, if de captain is in woman's cloaths, it is the
nun that is in boots.

Lack. In boots! Why, what the devil is he at now?
—No, no, you're—But why the devil should I unde-
ceive him?—You're right, my little Lapoche; they're
both impostors.

Lap. And why did a you not tell me a so before?

Lack. Why, I knew you'd find it out, you sagacious
monkey! But, what will you promise me, if I put you
into the way to get an hundred guiners?

Lap. Oh! I'll promise every thing.

Lack. Why then, you must know—come here—
this officer (*looking round*) is no other than a fellow-
escaped from England for shooting a lord.

Lap. Shoot a lord! Oh de profligate!

Lack. And there's a hundred guineas reward on his
head, that's all.

Lap. Oh! dis is lucky. De fly coquin! Why you
not tell a me dis before?

Lack. Now I have told you, what will you give me
for my intelligence?

Lap. I vill give a you fifty tanks ven I do get de
money.

Lack. Thanks! Is that all? Have you got any cash
about you? Come, come. Int me touch five pieces now!

Lap. De diable touch and take me if I do!

Lack. No, then you are a scoundrel!

Lap. Oui. I know I am ver great scoundrel, but I
vill keep a my money for all dat. Five Guinea indeed!
No, no, monsieur Lackland. I know a you too well for
all that; but I must find out dis officier, and that to me
vill be de grand affaire. It vill get a me —

Lack. (*aside.*) Yes, a good beating, and I hope Hen-
ry will pay it you—Then marriage is my last card. So
Miss Bull of Garlick-hill, have at you and your four-
score thousand pounds. [Exit.]

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Is your name Lapoche? If it is, you
must come directly to Sir John Bull, or he'll send to
somebody else.

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Lap. Oh! for de suit of cloaths. I vill come direct—Bless a me, I have more business than de grand financier.

Coachman. Well, will you come or no!

Lap. Oui. Alons, monsieur.

Coachman. Eh, what?

Lap. Dat is, go along, if you please.

Coachman. Oh! is that it? Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *Inside the HOTEL,*

Enter Colonel Epaulette, with Waiter.

Colonel. You may tell Sir John Bull, and my lady Bull, and miss Bull, dat col nel Epaulette is come to wait on dem.

Waiter. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*]

Colonel. I suppose, from vat I am told, dis famille must be fine folks; but as dey were recommend from my good friend the duke, and as dey are English, I vill shew dem every civility in my power.—Dis dress in de English style vill please a de young lady. I'm sure I am ver much oblige to monsieur Lackland.

Enter Sir John and Coachman.

Sir John. Well, Robert, is the taylor coming?

Coachman. Yes, sir; he's come.

Sir John. Is he? Then I'll be measured directly. [*Exit Robert.*] for my lady won't be easy till I get a suit of cloaths a la mode de Paris, as they call it.—Oh! this is the taylor I suppose.

Colonel. Sir, your most obedient. I presume, sir, your name is Sir John a de Bull?

Sir John. At your service, sir. Ay, ay, this is the taylor. Mr. Lackland mentioned you in very high terms.

Colonel. I am ver much oblige to Mr. Lackland; and, sir, I shall be ver happy to render you any service in my power.

Sir John. Very obliging truly! And I suppose you'll expect to be paid for it.

Colonel. Sir, any obligation you do a me in return I shall consider as repaying; but sir, my good friend de duke —

Sir John. His good friend the duke! — Oh! he must be a very great taylor indeed! (*aside*).

Colonel. I have de honour to be ver dear to him.

Sir John. Oh! if you are so dear to your friends, be sure your terms must be very high indeed to me. But come, I can't help it! so, take out your measure.

Colonel. Measure!

Sir John. Ay, and out with your shears. Have you brought your book of patterns?

Colonel. Vat do you mean? Book of pattern.

Sir John. Oh! I suppose he's too great a taylor to carry patterns (*aside*). Yes, just that I may see your colours.

Colonel. Colours! Oh ho, because I be in de army you take a me for an ensign? Do you suppose I carry de colour?

Sir John. Ay, I thought so, too great for that — pray now how many men may you employ?

Colonel. About a thousand.

Sir John. A thousand journeymen! a damn'd great taylor indeed (*aside*). — A thousand men!

Colonel. Yes, dat dere is my regiment.

Sir John. Oh! what you work for a regiment, do you?

Colonel. Vat does he mean? Sir John, I am come to wait upon de lady

Sir John. Oh! what do you business for the ladies too! Oh! you're a great rogue!

Colonel. Sir John, I know that you are privilege to joke by the custom of your country.

Sir John. What you want the custom of my country. I can't promise you that, but you shall have mine.

Colonel. And, sir, from de recommendation I have had, I shall be proud to shew you all de civility in my power.

Sir John. Sir, I am very much obliged to you. Proceed. (*Buttoning his coat without looking.*)

Colonel. I wish to shew you every respect, and will introduce you to de prince —

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Sir John. You introduced! introduced by a taylor! Ha! ha! Damme, that's too much.

Colonel. Taylor, sir! I don't know what you mean; but, sir, if you was not English, your life—your life should answer this behaviour.

Sir John. My life! you need not be so hot, my little taylor.

Colonel. I don't know, sir, whether you are fool by nature, or clown by habit. If de former, you are ben eath my notice: if de later, I will have satisfaction for dis gross behaviour to Colonel Epaulette. But, Sir, I will instantly speak to my good friend Mr. Luckland; and den, sir, I will be revenged for this affront. [Exit.

Sir John. Colonel Epaulette! Oh, the devil! — my Lady Bull! my Lady Bull!

Enter Lady Bull.

My dear, here has been the colonel here, and I thought it had been the French taylor you sent for to take measure of me; and here has been the damn'dest mistake!—

Lady B. Mistake Colonel Epaulette for a taylor! Oh, Sir John, why will you ever attempt to speak to persons of distinction? Oh! it's like your blunders, to take a man of fashion for a taylor!

Sir John. Why, they dress, and scrape, and shrug so much alike, that there's no knowing a prince from a pickpocket. But I'll order the chaise, and set out for Garlick-hill to-morrow morning.

Lady B. Then you may go by yourself, Sir John; for my part, it would be monstrous for a person of my figure and deportment, to leave the continental land without an introduction to the grand monarch. Call the colonel back. (Exit.

Sir John. Me—damme, I'd as soon call his regiment as him.

Lady B. Robin! Robin! — (Enter Coachman).— Desire that gentleman to walk up stairs.

Coachman. Gentleman! What the taylor, madam?

Lady B. Yes; the taylor, as your master calls him. — [Exit Coachman.] — Oh! what a blundering family! He thinks the colonel a taylor as well as his master. — Oh! here the colonel is.

Enter Lapoche.

Oh, sir, I blush to see you,

Lap. Madam, I am your most obedient, very humble servant; but I thought Sir John was here.

Lady B. Oh sir! Sir John is so hurt at his appearance——

Lap. Oh! dat does not signify, madam. I vill soon equip him to make a better appearance.

Lady B. Sir you're vastly obliging; but, sir, the mistake is all owing to having contracted such unfashionable habits——

Lap. Never mind, madam. I vill give him de habilliment most fashionable.

Lady B. Very kind indeed, sir. Oh sir, I'm sorry you have had such a loss to-day.

Lap. Loss! Oh yes, ma'am I have lost my lodger.

Lady B. Some friend, I suppose. Ay, he's too genteel to mind the loss of the race.—The running I mean the match.

Lap. Oh, yes, madam, they are run away to make a de match!

Lady B. Well, sir, I wish you better success with your Joan.

Lap. My Joan!

Lady B. And, sir, we were told in Paris, that you were very much with the prince.

Lap. Oh yes, madam. I must lie a little.

Lady B. I am told you are a great man in the privy council, committees, and board of works.

Lap. Board of works—she means my shop-board.

Lady B. Sir, I shall esteem it a particular favour, when it is convenient, if you will be kind enough to introduce us.

Lap. Why, madam, I don't know that I can introduce you to de head butler.

Lady B. Butler! What does he suppose that we keep company with servants!—Ay, from Sir John's behaviour he thinks we are fit company for nobody else.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John, I have been making all the apologies I can for you to the colonel there.

Sir John. There!—Where?

Lady B. There.

Sir John. Colonel there! Why damme, this is the real taylor. (*The taylor takes out his book of patterns*)

Lady B. How! the taylor! (*turns about*) Ay, he is taylor sure enough.—Arn't you ashamed, fellow? How dare you have the impudence to pass for a colonel? Heigh, fellow!

Lap. Miss, your mother would not call me so.

Sir John. Her mother! Get out!—

Lady B. Oh! my dear, don't be angry with the young man.

Sir John. Get out with your patterns (*pulls him off*) my lady, I wonder you will undertake to speak to persons of distinction. Not know a taylor from a man of fashion!

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Miss Doll's gone off, Sir John.

Lady B. Where is she gone?

Coachman. Mrs. Casey says, she thinks to be married; she saw her in close confab with Sir Shenkin.

Lady B. There's your Briton, Sir John.

Sir John. But which way is she gone?

Coachman. She went down towards Colonel Epaulette's.

Sir John. There's your Frenchman, my lady!—Come along with me, Robin. Oh, for an English constable, or a search warrant.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Room at the Colonel's.

Enter Colonel and Miss Bull.

Colonel. Oh miss, I do congratulate myself on the felicity of meeting you thus at home.—If I can carry her away, shall be even vindicated her father for calling me a taylor.

Dolly. But law, Colonel, how shocking you are dressed!

Colonel. Do you think so? Mr. Lackland said 'twas a pretty my dear.—Oh! you be a lovely girl! how

I do love you! Pray, miss, was you ever in love?

Dolly. Oh yes.

Colonel. Have a you?

Dolly. Only nine times. Let me see. Three times before I was out of my slips; twice while I was at Hackney boarding-school; once with my guitar master; then with Frank Frippery; then with Dick Pettitoes. No, only eight; for I don't reckon the handsome stay-maker of Duck-lane.

Colonel. Then be in love with me the ninth time; and scamper off with me.

Dolly. Scamper with you! Why don't you ask father's consent.

Colonel. No, it sound a so mean.

Dolly. Why, as you say, it does sound a little of Bon Bell. Well; and then it will make a pure noise in the prpers—the elopement—the pursuit—the marriage—the making up—Besides, I'm in love with you vis a vis. So come along; I'll scamper off with you.

Colonel. Vel said, my little angel, come along.

Dolly. But hold—Will you excuse me to Sir Shenkin ap Griffin?

Colonel. Excuse you to Sir Shenkin! for what?

Dolly. Because I promised to run away with him; and I came here to meet him.

Colonel. Indeed! but you know I come a de first.

Dolly. Why that's true. And first come first served as father says to his customers at his shop at home—Come along.

Colonel. (*stops*) Hold, my dear, I must just step—

Dolly. Why I thought you was going to scamper off with me.

Colonel. I shall soon be back—but as I don't know what may happen, I vill just order my man to put up de powder, de pomatum, and de dancing pump. (*Exit*)

Dolly. Well then, do make haste, colonel.

Enter Sir Shenkin.

Sir Shenkin. I have prought the priest. He looks as merry as a pard and as smart as a truid.

Dolly. But why did you stay so long? I have been crying my eyes out.

Sir Shenkin. Ton't cry, my tear. Wipe a your eye,

ton't weep.—My dear, the chaise is ready for us, and a bulky for father Domine.

Dolly. But must I desert the colonel for you?

Sir Shenkin. To be sure you must. But I will put on a pair of jack boots, and trive you myself, for the poys here are as sluggish as their horses. They smack their whips, and they cry gee whu? but they are as slow as snails, though they gabble like turky cocks.

Dolly. Well, but come now, don't let us wait for the boots.

Sir Shenkin. I'll be your postpoy, and trive you to Chychwechlyn, and as you was never married, how reighted you'll be with noises, and visits, and confusions!

A I R XVII.

*Tol, lol, de rol, lol,
My Tolly, my Toll,
With me when you canter to Wales,
For petticoat white,
Buff breeches so tight,
Away go needles and flails.
Young Taffy throws by hur wheels,
Then Winney kicks up her heels,
With follow
And halloo,
And waddle
And straddle,
So merry to see us come;
With fiddle
And diddle,
In giggle
And wriggle,
They give us a welcome home.*

*The joy so great,
So noble we treat,
An oxen is roasted whole!
And tho' on the lawn
The spigot is drawn
For punch, you may swim in the bowl!
We give the ladiis a ball,*

We foot it away in the hall.

With follow, &c.

*Miss Howell so nice,
And Lady ap Rice,
And cousin Sir Evan ap Lloyd,
Parson Montgomery,
Counsellor Flummery
Ap Morgan, Ap Williams, Ap Floyd.
Oh, when the stocking is thrown,
And lovee and I alone ;*

Then follow, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Dolly. So, one can't go without dancing pumps, and the other can't go without jack-boots. If any of my old sweethearts were to come in now, I should be inclined to give them both the double

Enter Lackland.

Lack. So, at last I have found her.—Madam your most obedient. Well its settled. I'll marry you.

Dolly. Marry me !

Lack. Yes ; but don't let your joy carry you away. I said I would.

Dolly. Said! to who?

Lack. To myself. And if a gentleman breaks his word with himself, who do you think he'll keep it with? You're very handsome, my dear, that you are ; and I and I would not tell a lie for all the women in France.

Dolly. Lord ! what a high notion of honour he has! and he's a much handsomer man than either Sir Shenkin or the Colonel—But my father says, that you arn't worth any thing, that you've no estate

Lack. That's a good joke i'faith ! No estate ! He might as well have said I borrowed a guinea of him.

Dolly. I'faith ! and now I do think of it, he did say so.

Lack. Did he indeed? that's very diverting truly. Ay, and he might as well have said I borrowed these cloaths.

Dolly. That's what I thought of your fine cloaths, that you must have a great estate.

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Lack Not an acre. And to be sure I have no seat in Herefordshire—no parks—no orchards—

Dolly. Orchards in Herefordshire! Then I dare say you make twenty Hogsheads of Cyder in a year.

Lack. Cyder—Oh! you accomplished—Garlick-hill—Yes; and he might as well have said that I've no house in Portman Square. Ha! ha!

Dolly. Portman Square! Oh dear! then I shall live in Portman Square!

Lack. Ay, and without a guinea in the funds, or half a crown in my pocket at this moment. Ha! ha!

Dolly. Ha! ha! that's very true. Now then, will you answer me one question? If you was to agree to run away with me, would you wait for jack boots or dancing pumps?

Lack. Jack boots and dancing pumps! Not for the button of king Lewis's hat. You are frank and free. I love you; and thus I throw myself and all my fortunes at your feet. Now if we had but a parson and a chaise!—

Doll. There's one in the house, and t'other at the door.

Lack. Is there? Then my dear—Garlick Hill—come along. [Carries her off.]

Enter Colonel and Sir Shenkin.

Sir Shenkin. Now, madam, now I'm for you; now I'm pistol'd and booted

Colonel. Come, Miss a de Bull.

Sir Shenkin. Come Miss Pull, my tear.

Colonel. Why, where is she gone? (*Seeing each other.*)

Sir Shenkin. Where did you put her?

Colonel. Why, what have you done vid her?

Sir Shenkin. I did leave her here.

Colonel. Vell, and I did find her here.

Enter Sir John and Lady Bull.

Sir John. Where's my child? where's Dolly Bull?

Colonel. Dat fellow in de boots can tell you.

Sir John. Come, come, none of your Welch tricks upon me. Give me my daughter.

Sir Shenkin. 'Tis that devilish Gaul has got her.

OUR WAY IN FRANCE. 53

Tover, I'd teach him to conquer. You are now in your own house, and you may stay there. For my part, I've got on my boots, and I am resolved—I am resolved—to walk down stairs.. [Exit.

Sir John. Oh! what a bloody resolution!—stop the boots! [Exeunt Sir John and Lady Bull.

Colonel. “ I can fight, &c. (singing,) [Exit.

Enter Nannette.

Nan Lord! how I do wish to get back again to England! — A girl, like me, to be a chambermaid, and so a taylor! — Well, I'm convinced, if I'd as good cloaths, I should look as well as Rosa.

A I R XIX.

When dropt in all my finest things,
My gold repeater, bracelets, rings,

In toilet glass,

A lovely lass

I view, so gaily glancing;

I can't tell how,

But ne'er till now

I felt my heart a-dancing.

With a fal, la, la,

And a ha, ha, ha!

You've set my heart a-dancing,

The coach is come—down stairs we trip,

The Opera—Robin plies his whip,

What sparkling eyes!

Sir Fopling cries!

As to our box advancing;

I don't know how,

Yet ne'er till now,

I felt my heart a-dancing.

With a fal, la, la, &c.

Sultana queen at masquerade,

Or nun, or humble village maid,

*So fine, so bright
The sparkling night,
Like fairies nimbly prancing;
I don't know,
Yet ne'er till now,
I felt my heart a-dancing.
With a fal, la, la, &c.*

Enter Lapoche.

Lap. I have de two imposteurs safe, if I can keep them. —So, mam'selle Nannette, you tink ver little of me. Nothing vill serve a you but de English officer. Just now I was taken for Colonel Epaulette. You say I ugly. Never you tell a man he's ugly in his own house.

Nan. Lord, sir! I don't think you ugly.

Lap. Dont you? Den I vill give a you de silk gown.

Nan. No sir, I never did think you ugly. I always I always thought you very pretty.

Lap. Did a you? (*smiling.*)

Nan. I did indeed—as I hope for the silk gown.

Lap. No, not prett—but very smart, comely—a very smart, comely, little fellow.

Nan. No, sir very pretty.

Lap. Vel den, pretty—a very pretty, little, smart fellow. But know, I have von grand affaire, great business, as good as hundred guinea; such discovery of my two lodger—

Nan. Indeed, sir!

Lap. Ay, Nannette know nothing of de disguise. (*Bell rings.*)

Nan. (*going*) Miss Rosa rings her bell.

Lap. Stay. Where are are you going? You are in a devilish hurry to get to de fellow.

Nan. Fellow! what do you mean?

Enter Rosa.

Rosa. When the bell rung, why did you not send the girl to me?

Lap. Send a de girl ? vat an impudent fellow !
 Pray ven you did take a my lodging, vas dat in de bargain ?

Rosa. Nanette, will you step into my chamber ?

Lap. (*stopping her*) No, indeed, she von't.

Nan. I was just coming, ma'am.

Lap. Yes, she vas coming—Get out of de room !
 Yes she vas just coming—Get out of de room from de fellow.

Rosa. I only want some powder.

Lap. You shall get no powder or ball here. Fighting fellow !—I wish he vas out of my house (*aside.*) If you want such cut-throat tings, vhy don't you go to your own Hyde Park ? Dat's the best place for lord-shooting.
 [Exit.

Rosa. How impertinent the fellow is ! And lord Winlove to forsake me at such a time ! For him I gave up all my peace of mind—But I'll ask pardon of heaven and my brother, and return to the convent.

A I R XX.

*How can a man such pleasure find,
 Still in trying each endeavour
 Thus to win the virgin's favour,
 Softly steal into her mind,
 And destroy her piece for ever ;
 With her heart,
 To depart.*

Leaving only grief behind.

*The the boy, a linnet caging,
 How engaging !
 Now her sweet and warbling song,
 Soon neglected.
 All rejected ;*

*Poor thing ! she may her song give o'er,
 Her sweetest notes can charm no more.*

[Exit.

(Lapoche watches her off, then runs and locks the door.)

Dere now I tink I have de bold capitaine safe. Now I have got lock up dis desperate fellow. I have got de

hundred guinea under my own key; and de diable a penny shall monsieur Lackland get. But I must go for de archer. — Here comes de nun in boots.

Enter Henry.

Henry. Well, sir; where is the lady?

Lap. De lady not far off. I fancy she may be found in boots.

Henry. In boots!

Lap. Yes. Don't a you feel yourself uncomfortable in boots?

Henry. In boots! — Come, come, where is the lady?

Lap. How finely I vas deceived to take you for a gentleman?

Henry. Pray, sir, what have I done to forfeit that character?

Lap. But pray a now, don't you find yourself uncomfortable without de petticoat?

Henry. Ha! ha! ha! will you fetch me one?

Lap. I dare say Nannette will accommodate you.

Henry. Very accommodating truly! — No, Mr. Frenchman; I have crimes enough already without adding the ruin of Nannette.

Lap. Ruin! She may give you von you know; von can't ruin her.

Henry. Very commode indeed! — Yes, sister Rosa, you're got in a very pretty sort of a house.

Lap. Pray — ha! ha! — pray — upon my vord, she looks vastly well in her boots.

Henry. Go, sir, do you banter?

Lap. Ay, and do you go to your chamber, child, and I vill send Nannette to you. Poor thing! I dare say ver fatigue. [Exit.]

Henry. Oh Rosa! She was my sister. Lord Winlove was a friend; and but for those unhappy misfortunes, for those fatal circumstances, my prospects with Celia appeared so pleasing — how blest might I have been!

A I R XXI.

*Let fame sound the trumpet, and cry ' to the war! '
 Let glory re-eccho the strain,
 The full-tide of honour may flow from the scar,
 And heroes may smile on their pain.
 The treasures of autumn let Bacchus display,
 And stagger about with his bowl;
 On science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
 And wisdom give light to the soul.
 Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
 Each virtue, each joy to improve;
 Oh, give me the friend that I know to be true,
 And the fair that I tenderly love!
 What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
 And riot the pleasure of wine;
 What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,
 But friendship and love are divine!* [Exit.

Lapoche watches him off, then locks the door on him.

Lap. Vell said, Rosa — Dere now I have got you both safe; and I have de archer ready for dis capitaine. — Oh! here be de gentleman that came after the lady first.

Enter Lord Winlove.

Lord W. Now I shall see Rosa's new flame. — Well, my friend, where is the captain that run away with Rosa?

Lap. What the nun in boots?

Lord W. Nun in boots! I mean the officer that went off with the nun that you told me of.

Lap. I have him safe; but he's the diable of a fellow, and has been asking for powder; so have a de care.

Lord W. Well, let's see this devil of a fellow.

Lap. Shall I call in de archer? I have him ready.

Lord W. Pho! Let me see the Captain. Open the door.

H

Lap. Yes, but I'll have de reward (*opens the door.*)
 —*Dere*—(*runs round to the other door.*) Now I'll see if
 my nun in boots is safe:

Enter Rosa.

Lord W. My dear Rosa!

Rosa. My dear lord!

Celia (*within*), I only want to see the gentleman.

Enter Celia.

I beg pardon. I want to speak with the gentleman.

Lap. Well, here are the gentlemen.

Celia. Yes; but I want to speak with the English officer that lodges here—that is in custody.

Lap. Oh! de nun in boots—more disguise. I dare say this is some English constable come over to take up de capitaine for killing de lord.

Henry (*within*.) What do you mean by locking me in? Open the door, or I'll break it open.

Lap. Break open my door! for shame, is dat behaving like a nun?

Enter Henry.

Henry. Lord Winlove alive?

Lord W. Yes, Henry. Are you sorry to see me?

Henry. Indeed, my lord, I am doubly happy to find myself guiltless of your blood, and you alive to do my sister that justice you intend.

Lord W. Harry, my intentions were ever honourable; and that my immediate union with my Rosa shall evince. Your love for your sister hurried you to a rashness that was near proving fatal; but this cancels every error.

Henry (*turning round*.) My Celia!

Celia. Indeed I don't know how to apologize for the strange intrusion. Captain, don't be vain, if I say 'twas on your account.

Henry. Sister Rosa, this happiness is unexpected. And now give me leave to introduce you to a lady, who intends shortly to honour our family with her alliance.

A I R XXII.

Lord Winlove, Henry, Celia, and Rosa.

*How sweet, how kind the joyful hours,
With peace and virtue crown'd!
They come like soft descending showers,
To cheer the landscape round.
Hush, throbbing heart, as truth alone,
Should light the virgin's breast,
Retire, cold freezing doubt, begone,
Retire, 'tis love's request!*

Enter Dolly, Lackland, Sir John and Lady Bull.

Dolly. Make haste or they'll catch us.

Lack. Let's rally and face them.

Sir John (entering). I know they are here. You're a pretty lady *(to Dolly.)*

Lack. Softly, Bull; no abuse.

Sir John. Why damme, mayn't I speak to my own child?

Lack. Nobody, sir, must abuse my wife.

Sir John. Wife! I shall run mad! My daughter married to a fellow without a shirt! a fellow that borrowed a guinea of me this morning!

Lady B. Ay, you would have an English husband! She may have married Barrington for aught you know.

Sir John. I hope he's a rogue.

Lord W. With your son a rogue!

Sir John. If he's myself I hope he's a rogue. I'll have no more mercy on him than the king of Prussia would have upon a Dutch alderman.

Enter Sir Shenkin.

Sir Shenkin. So, Miss Toll, I hear you have made matches and matrimonies.

Dolly. Yes; so now you may canter off to Cychwechlyn as fast as you please.

Sir Shenkin. Give you joy of your tom-tit; for she was never good, egg or bird.

Lady B. Oh Dolly, how could you take up with such a person?

Dolly. Why, the colonel could not go without dancing pumps, nor Sir Shenkin without jack-boots, so that I was very glad to take up with any body.

Lack. (*bowing.*) Very much obliged to you, madam.

Enter Colonel.

Colonel. How do you all, good peoples? How does my lady Bull-dog! damme?—So, miss, you're married!

Dolly. Yes, and without waiting for dancing-pumps.

Lady B. Bull-dog! If you are a Frenchman, behave like one.

Colonel. I never will behave myself, damme!

Lack. Colonel Epaulette, let me entreat you to leave off attempting the blunt honesty of the English. It only transforms your countrymen into brutes. The attempt is as ridiculous as for the rough English to ape the customs and manners of the French, where we ever miss the mark, and polish into puppies.

Sir Shenkin (*to Henry.*) Well, you made the betts, when shall we share?

Henry. I don't understand you.

Sir Shenkin. No! I paid forfeit. Joan did walk over the course.

Henry. And did you suppose I could behave so contemptible to join in such a scheme?

Sir Shenkin. It's fery well; you shan't have my sister. Look you, I do desire that you will never speak to, look at, or think of Celia again.

Henry. Look you, Sir Shenkin, if you don't immediately pay me the five thousand you laid me, and give your consent to my marrying your sister, I'll refer your conduct to the jockey club; and 'tis so notorious, that you'll not only be excluded the turf here, but at every race in England.

Sir John. Why, my little Welchman, I am afraid you'll be posted at Tatterfall's.

Sir Shenkin. I'm nick'd, sous'd and shamm'd. Here, take my sister Celia. I'll back him against the field; for has tricked me that have nicked hundreds.

Henry. Sir Shenkin, this is the first good I ever knew derived from gameing. For what sensation must that man be capable of, that builds upon the misery of others; and raises a fortune on the ruin and bankruptcy of his fellow-creatures!

Sir Shenkin. It may be so; but as I set out a young pigeon, I'm resolved to die an old rook.

Sir John. But how shall I get this rook out of my pigeon-house?

Colonel. Vell, monsieur Lackland, I have procured you a commission in my regiment; and 'tis much at your service.

Lack. I thank you, Monsieur; but while I can raise the price of a drumstick, I'll never pull a trigger or draw a sword against my native country.

Sir John. Bravo! my boy. Give me your hand. And at dinner time you shall never want a nail in my parlour to hang your hat on. You shall post my ledger, and drive a gig.

Lack. Gig! Why you shall ride in a vis-a-vis, to the amazement of all Garlick-hill.

Sir John. Oh rare! My dear and I ride side by side in a vis-a-vis!

Sir Shenkin. And look you, for all your underminings and circumventings, if you whip youe tomtit down to Chychwechlyn, I'll give you a haunch of rock-venison, and a pottle to wash it down.

Sir John. Rock-venison! — Oh! he'll give you the leg of a goat. — Well now; as we seem now to be all tolerable good friends, we'll retire to the inn — (*Lady Bull looks,*) Hotel I mean, where English hospitality shall receive the zest of French claret. — Heigh! what say you to that, my antigallican son-in-law?

Lack. With all my heart, But, sir, I'll have no illiteral prejudices in my family. National reflections are unworthy the breast of an Englishman; and, however, in war each may vindicate his country's honour, in peace let us not know a distance but the streights of Dover.

A I R XXIII,

Henry and Celia.

*Let fashion, with her glittering train,
Abroad a while deceive us;
We long to see dear home again,
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us.*

Lord Winlove, Henry, Rosa, and Celia.

*This patriot fire within each heart,
For ever let us nourish,
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish!*

Sir John.

*My future range,
The stock-exchange,
'Tis there I'll mind my paces;
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull shall drag
To French or English races.*

Lady Bull.

*At feast or ball,
At Grocers-hall,
'Tis there I'll mind my paces;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep
At French or English races.*

Sir Shen.

*Our bard still in your favour thrive,
His jokes your fancies tickling,
This boon in laugh and claps then give
To Shenkin of Cychwechlyn.*

CHORUS OF MEN.

*And now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainebleau races we'll prance.*

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

*In hopes that all errors our friends will be pleas'd
To excuse, as 'tis "Our Way in France."*

FULL GRAND CHORUS.

*A patriot-fire within each heart
For ever let us nourish,
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish!*

THE END.

TABLE OF THE SONGS.

A C T. I.

A I R.

- I. *A Loadre, I was taylor nice.*
- II. *My morning of life, ah, how tranquil, how bright,*
- III. *The British Lion is my sign,*
- IV. *Oh lingering time, why with us stay,*
- V. *Flow'rs their beauties all surrender,*
- VI. *Indeed I'll do the best I can,*
- VII. *The night when pass'd in golden skies,*
- VIII. *Brooks to your sources ah swiftly return.*

A C T, II,

- IX. *In London my life is a ring of delight,*
- X. *Search all the wide creation round,*
- XI. *Love does so run in my head,*
- XII. *Through circling sweets I freely rove,*
- XIII. *No hurry I'm in to be married,*
- XIV. *I'm here in France, the more fool I,*
- XV. *The morning we're married, how funny and jolly,*

A C T. III.

4 AP 54

- XVI. *Kilkenny is a handsome place,*
- XVII. *Tol, lol, de rol, lol, my Tolly, my Toll,*
- XVIII. *'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir,*
- XIX. *When dress'd in all my finest things,*
- XX. *How can man such pleasures find,*
- XXI. *Let fame sound the trumpet, and cry
"to the war."*
- XXII. *How sweet, how kind the joyful hours,*
- XXIII. *Let fashion with her glittering train,*

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